

Chapter One

Evie - 1947

There's only you and me. You're all I see, I can't see anything else in the room. I'm shaking. I hear nothing, not even a muffled garble from the radio. Everything is in slow motion.

Strange isn't it? I never realized, until this very moment, how being in love is just like feeling extreme hatred. The trembling. My heart pounding. Sweaty palms. Butterflies in my stomach. Or is that nausea? Extreme emotions taking over any sense I have left.

Right now, anger is throwing any logic that I have left out the window. My head is a jumble. I'm so mad at you that I can feel my heartbeat in my fingertips—in my fingertips, you bastard! Oh God! I have never been so infuriated in all my life. Just looking at you, laying there peacefully, my entire body is pulsing with rage. I despise you. You, you monster.

Climbing onto the bed, straddling your chest, I feel like I'm going to vomit. When you're sleeping, the monster that you truly are is barely recognizable. I have no concept of time. I have no idea how long I've been hovering over you, staring. Maybe it's been hours or just minutes. I just don't know.

I can't stop my hands from shaking. I have no control over them. Can I do this?

I snap out of it, like I've been slapped in the face. I think about what you've done and, again, rage starts to pulsate throughout my body. All I want is revenge. My heart feels like it's going to pound itself through my chest. I can feel my pulse everywhere.

I can do this. I can do this. I can do this. I can do this.

Slowly, I wrap my hands around your neck. Look at that. They've stopped shaking. I start to squeeze with everything I've got. A twinge of excitement surges through me as you wake with a jolt.

Sunnovabitch, look me in the eye! That's it. Yes, that's it. Look at me, you bastard. I know exactly what you're thinking, "*She wouldn't dare.*" Think again. What's happening right now isn't because of a hasty decision. Not at all. Drugging your soup so you'd pass out, tying your hands and ankles to the bedposts. I know exactly what I'm doing. I've imagined it a million times before. You monster.

Just try it. Try to squirm your way out. I made sure the ropes were tight. You're not going anywhere. Go on. Squirm all you want. Watching you gasp for air as your face turns red, I should feel bad. I should stop and question myself, but I'm not. I actually enjoy this a little. I enjoy watching you fight to breathe, your eyes popping out of your head, and your lips turning blue.

You thought this would be the other way around. Believe it, you bastard. I'm no longer your punching bag. Never again. My eyes are the last thing you're ever going to see. Look at me, look into my eyes, and die you sunnovabitch.

Tighter and tighter—I won't let go until you're dead and gone, Freddie. Rot in hell, asshole.